

# State and Federal Officials Lead Cheers for Rival Players

**GREATEST LIVING DANCER**  
**THRILLS HUGE AUDIENCE**

**SOCIETY OUT IN FULL**  
**FORCE AT BALL GAME**

Anna Pavlova and Splendid Company Present Brilliant Performance at Academy.

**VOLININE REMAINS FAVORITE**

Stuffs of Two Governors in Resplendent Uniforms, With Large Party of Officials of Two States, and Football Players Occupy Boxes.

**GOVERNORS SIT TOGETHER**

**BY DOUGLAS GORDON.**

To most of the thousands who made a joyous holiday in Richmond yesterday, football was the all-absorbing subject and its immediate local manifestation a thing of glory or of sorrow. But to the comparative few, numerous though they were, the day was significant because they saw Pavlova dance. And to these the day will be memorable, because while others saw another of a long series of games, they saw for the first time—most of them—the greatest exponent of a great art in all the world.

Before the Governor of North Carolina and the Governor of Virginia, before the dance-worn, built-sweated veterans of their military families and before an audience that occupied every one of the 1,600 seats in the Academy of Music last night, Pavlova danced. And when she danced, all the stateliness and dignity of high officers, all the beauty of all the women, all the radiance of a house "dressed" almost to the last seat in the top gallery—all were forgotten.

We had seen Russian dancers of the Imperial Ballet—Scholz, Kuhn, Plaskovetzka—and we had seen the world-famed Genie, but last night we saw Pavlova. Artists all, they are, but there is only one Pavlova. Incomparable, unapproachable, she stands alone, and last night she drew upon all the resources of her art to make the night most notable. Beside her, the others faded into clever dancers—even Genie becomes a marvelous toy-dancer. Because she has at her command all the virtuosity, the sheer technique that is Genie's, she has the slenderest, most softly rounded form that ever swayed and glided, tripped and whirled, gleamed and floated to the music of the masters, and, in addition, she has the power that lies only in an artist, in one who enters into the spirit, the very soul, of the dance—she expresses all things.

Whether she dances the swift, staccato measures of the "Dance of the Sifts" or whether she whirls like a Maenad, through the wild unrestrained of the "Autumn Ecstasies," or whether she flutters, trembles and quivers into a heap of white petals—as in the pitiful, choking, little tragedy of the Swan—she conveys the embodiment of a thought, of a feeling, so clearly that it reaches its way to the senses.

But, besides the wonder that is Pavlova—or, rather, even without that—the performance would still have been the most brilliant of its kind that has been seen here. In the South, for that matter, for the roster of her company included some of the finest dancers of the day.

Volinine, who made his fourth appearance here yesterday, in "The Blue and White," considered the first classic dancer, among men, on the stage—it will be remembered that Morikini is a character dancer. And to many of us—those who have seen him—his "one-man opinion" is the remains the most wonderful of all the dancers, not even excepting Pavlova herself. He is not a "pretty man"—for which, after all, thanks—but he is literally a beautiful man, in the sense in which a perfect bit of statuary of a man is beautiful. But he is not a bit of statuary—no, he is as graceful as a woman, and he is as graceful as any woman that ever danced, as light as a feather and as swift in his grace as a flash of light. When he and Pavlova danced together it was as though all music and beauty and poetry had combined to blend their two figures into one almost incredibly perfect expression of their common art.

Stephanie Plaskovetzka and Stasia Kuhn, one very blonde and the other very brunette, were either of them—afford infinite delight without Pavlova, without Volinine. They are both dancers of a high order, both—like all the Russian dancers—pantomimists extraordinary, and both of them appeared time and again in the innumerable dances of the evening. The "Pavlova" was, as well as the most artistic, event of many seasons.

Mr. Orskine, a young man, who, in the afternoon, was seen as Apollo in the ballet "The Boy and the Shepherd," last night, the strangest dance surely that may be seen on the stage to-day. Stripped, almost to a pair of trunks, his body was stained a light brown, and he danced the "Pavlova" in his toes. A "Persian dance," it was programmed, it was very wonderful—and very horrible.

Mr. Kobleff, in a costume very like that worn by Volinine, in "The Blue and White," danced with two girls a number that aroused the house to immense enthusiasm. And—but lack of space forbids mention of all of the men and women who contributed so largely to the rare performances.

Ivan Clustine, it is understood, deserves all praise for having staged the various dances; it is rather a pity that he did not confine himself to directing.

Begles the stars, there was a "chorus" of some thirty, one would say, containing more pretty women than I have ever seen in any chorus, and, furthermore, all these pretty women were also accomplished dancers. They wore the men who danced with them. Again, there was an orchestra of about twenty-five men, who, also, were artists—particularly the first violin. Under the able direction of Theodore Stur, the orchestra, alone offered a whole evening's entertainment.

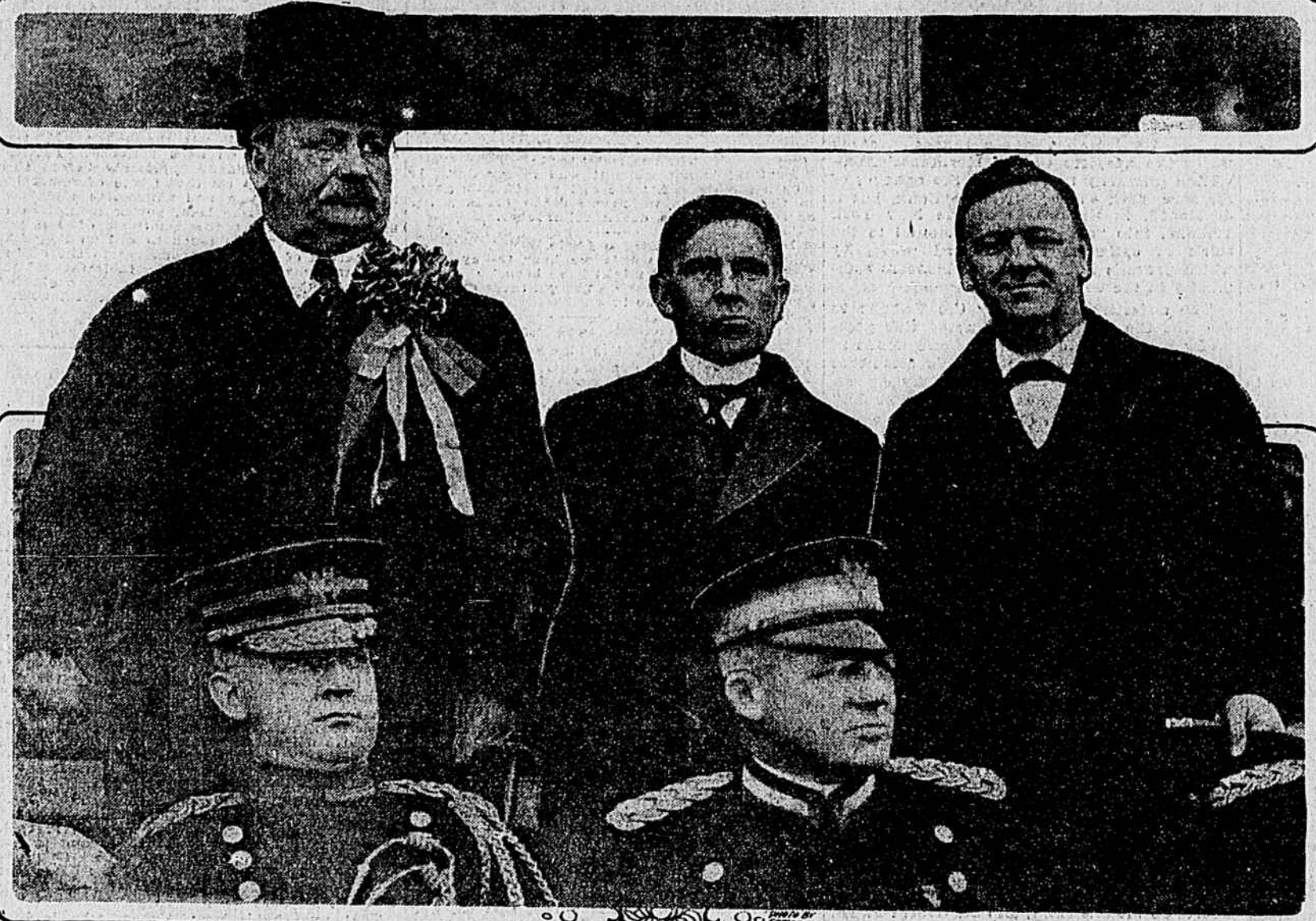
It is impossible to go at length into the programs presented in the afternoon and evening. The first performance was somewhat shorter than that at night, and several of the programmed numbers were omitted, though there remained enough to make a dozen or more performances. The principal ballet in the afternoon was based upon a dramatic mythological subject, while that at night, "The Fairy Doll," was a humorous "Coppélia." For social dance features, the academy at night the special dances—"divertissements"—were probably more interesting and varied.

But it doesn't matter about the programs—Pavlova danced! And for this artistic treat Richmond again has to thank Mrs. Mary Pace Groner.

**KING COLLEGE DEFEATS TENNESSEE CADETS**

BRISTOL, Va., November 26.—Although the Tennessee Military Institute boys from Sweetwater fought bravely in the gridiron contest here to-day, Pasini's King College squad was too much for them, and the visitors lost by the score of 27 to 0. A large crowd, including many school girls, witnessed the contest.

## EXECUTIVES OF TWO STATES WITNESS GREAT GAME



Gov. Henry C. Stuart Gov. Locke Craig Secy. Josephus Daniels

### ORANGE AND BLUE AGAIN VICTOR IN FOOTBALL CLASSIC

Tarheels Display Old-Time Valor, but Fall Under Heavy Onslaught.

(Continued From First Page.)

It is estimated that there were 15,000 people in and about the field, nearly enough to make up a German army corps. Every seat was taken, and every inch of standing room, from which a view could be obtained, was occupied by sturdy and untiring feet. Behind the fences surrounding the field they stood a dozen deep. People crowded upon the roof of the grand stand, upon the roof of the leafless trees and upon the thin edge of the adjoining and much-painted wall. Additional reserve seats and boxes were built within the field, next to the grand stand, and these, too, were filled.

**EVERYTHING WAS FILLED.**

**BUT NOBODY WAS FULL.**

Everything was filled, but, on credit of all, it may be said that none was full.

If the historic remark credited to other Governors of the two States fell from the lips of either of the Governors yesterday, no one heard it uttered. Indeed, the silence in the gubernatorial and military center was at times almost tense with suppressed words.

There was little need for Governor Stuart and his braided staff to relieve their feelings by a shout. But with Governor Locke Craig and his admiring and admiring aide there was occasional reason for a shout of triumph, as, for instance, when Homecoming of the tattered hair dived into Virginia's interference and brought down his man. Yet they shouted not. Perhaps it was because they believed in Virginia's prophecy, and so knew their shouting would be in vain. But the Carolina band thrummed its drums with unceasing and unvarying fervor, answering the melancholy appeal of "Auld Lang Syne" whenever Joe Koss-nich crossed his saddle.

**TARHEEL ROOTERS**

**FAITHFUL TO THE LAST**

All glory be to the roots of both sides. They did their duty well. Even when it was apparent that their last defenses had been broken down and that all the words of Governor Craig and Secretary Daniels could not stem Virginia's victorious stride, the Carolinians rooted still and waved their pennants as only boys of pride and brave hearts can. They answered every cheer that came from Virginia's side, and gave one like a long kiss, in response. If defeat were to be theirs, there was none to weep. It is such a thing as this that makes Virginia's victory all the worthier, all the more to have been desired. To have won from such a foe, even though it had been by ten times as many points, is well worth a place in the history of America's national college game.

and bowing they took their seats, arranged themselves comfortably, gazed away from the state that settled upon them, and looked upon the twenty-two young men, doffing their sweaters.

**THEIR RIVAL TEAMS**

The whistle blew, and the game was on. Silence, absolute and tense, set over the level field. Only a swift intake of breath could be heard as Carolina kicked off, and the ball was taken into the arms of a Virginia player. Men leaned forward, and women shaded their eyes. Governor Craig nudged Governor Stuart, and whispered, "It's an even bet. We've got a chance, eh?"

"Oh—Locke, wait till our backfield gets into action, and I'll show you something." Look there! and Mayer went around right end for fifteen yards.

Yes; but look at Homecoming, that fellow with the long yellow locks. See how he gets out and gets under. Some end, that!

But when, later, Coach, Little Bobbie, went through Carolina for twenty-five yards, Governor Craig fell into a fit of silence. He unasked, only when he went out between halves to talk to the Carolina bleachers, and he had evidently saved up something to say.

**MAXER, FOR VIRGINIA!**

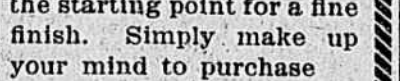
How that first touchdown was made it is not necessary to say here. Nearly everybody in Richmond, and half of Carolina, saw Mayer hurl himself across the line, and everybody heard the roar that rose up from the Virginia bleachers. Then Carolina, later, got the ball, and, after Winston had raised grand



GEORGE W. MAXWELL well-known trapshooter

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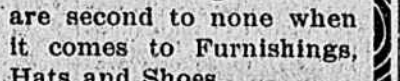
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FRED GILBERT the celebrated trapshooter

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Fred Gilbert

stand and took to the field. They went to the Carolina bleachers, and every man and woman, smiling a little pathetically, perhaps, stood up and sent out a cheer resembling the approach of a thunderstorm.

**CRAIG GIVES ADVICE**

**FROM PLAYERS' BENCH**

"Boys and ladies, too," said Governor Craig, as he mounted the player's bench, "we've got to do something. We have in our keeping the honor and glory of North Carolina and the possibility of making our State famous, not only in Virginia, but over the whole country as well. I tell you that I would rather see North Carolina win this game than to be Governor. There are tons of thousands of us here, and there are hundreds of thousands waiting down home to hear the result of this game. I wish I could help otherwise than by talking. I'd like to get out there myself, but they wouldn't

let me play. They'd call me a 'ringer.' But the battle, as it was 100 years ago, must go to the strong, the active, and the brave. I am here to try to lend you encouragement and to bid you God speed."

"Go ahead and root," said Dr. J. Allison Hodges, president of the North Carolina Society of Richmond, as he mounted the stand and introduced Secretary Daniels.

"I'm with you, boys," said the secretary. "These young gentlemen on the field have just begun to fight. The only thing they have done yet is to bring out their hydroplanes. Wait until they bring out their submarines."

"We've got 'em," shouted the crowd, and broke into the rah-rah of "G-a-r-o-l-i-n-a, G-a-r-o-l-i-n-a, G-a-r-o-l-i-n-a," until it surged across the field where the massed rosters of Virginia. They rang out with "Dixie," and Carolina came back with a cheer for Governor Stuart. Virginia returned with a cheer for Governor Craig, and thus the cheering each other, like enemies waiting in the far-reaching trenches, until time for the second half was called.

**COLONELS MAKE GALLANT SHOWING BEFORE CROWD**

During the intermission, Governor Stuart visited friends in various boxes, and the colonels eased their legs on the field, making a gallant showing before the admiring eyes. Some said that they looked better than the visiting crop of newly-made colonels, but people who wore the Blue and White said that North Carolina had the finest and biggest crop ever grown in one season in the South. Be that as it may, and this is no place for an argument about a crop of colonels when there is a football game to write about, the whole thing is settled by the little newsway who said that he "knew" he was a colonel. And he didn't know one crop from the other.

"Still and nevertheless," as Governor Craig and President Graham and Secretary Daniels said after the game was over, things happened in the second half that are worth recording. What happened, in brief, was two more touchdowns by Virginia and one goal, which ran the score up to 20 for Virginia and finished the game.

Governor Craig couldn't explain it, neither could President Graham, and in the words of Mark Antony, both are honorable men. Nor did Secretary Daniels, himself a Tarheel and Tarheels, offer excuse. His submarine wouldn't work for some reason. It isn't here that flaws must be picked or defects be found in that machinery which was supposed to be as nearly perfect as human ingenuity, in a short time, could make it. An expert will tell of that. It looked as if it simply couldn't be helped, as if there were too much Mayer, too much Coach and Word. And here, before another word is written, no pun meant—it should be stated that the former Richmond Blues' player loomed large yesterday in the football dictionary.

When the game was over and the referee had blown his whistle for the last time, Virginians and Carolinians surged upon the field and cheered each other and each other's Governors as it is given only friendly foes to do. The Virginians danced the Yale step across the field, shouldered their victors, and passed out. And the North Carolinians, not to be outdone, shouldered their heroes, too, and together when the game was over and night had hung her curtains, they made merry.

Other Sports on Page 8

## Quick on the Trigger With a Snap-Shot Eye

THE crack trapshooter has to be a man with steady nerves and muscles absolutely under control—always ready, at the sudden jerk of a string to swing his gun into place and bring down his clay pigeon. This means trained, not to the minute, but to the split-second. He takes no chances with his nerves.

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